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(W. TELBIN.)

GLEE..... "Of all the birds in bush or tree."

The adventurer and the moody cavalier.—Reminiscences of old friends. The wager and the expedition.

GARDEN FRONT OF CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.

(MUIR.)

Approach of the intruders.

THE OLD HALL IN CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.

(BICKERSTAFF.)

Tressilian and his lost love.

View in the Grounds of the Manor House.

(BICKERSTAFF.)

Varney and Tressilian meet.—The encounter!

AMY'S BOUDOIR IN CUMNOR!

(CRAVEN.)

Varney's counsel.—The Great Earl of Leicester and his Countess.

ACT II.

THE QUEEN'S APARTMENTS IN WOODSTOCK.

(HICKS.)

ELIZABETH AND HER COURT.—THE RIVAL EARLS.

Varney succeeds as a courtier.

GARDEN FRONT OF CUMNOR MANOR HOUSE.

(MUIR.)

The Waiting Maid and the Pedlar.

AMY'S BOUDOIR.

(CRAVEN.)

The Countess's Scorn!—The Drug!—The Escape!

ACT III.

A VIEW NEAR KENILWORTH.

(MUIR.)

The Cornish Gentleman and the Court Butterflies.

ROOM IN THE CASTLE OF KENILWORTH.

(BREW.)

Amy's request, and Tressilian's promise.

The Garden at Kenilworth.

(MUIR.)

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GLEE..... ..... "The Red Cross Knight."

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ACT IV.

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(W. TELBIN.)

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HULME'S CHARITY.

I.—Its Object and Early History.

WE hope that the meeting at the Town Hall last week about this charity, which issued in the appointment of an influential committee, will be vigorously followed up, not only by that committee but by all in this city and county who desire the rectification of that which has been somewhat of an abuse in the past and may become a much greater one in the future if due precaution be not taken speedily. Let no one pass this matter by heedlessly under the notion that it is a dry topic or simply a common council topic. Any gentleman professing a particle of public spirit, or an hour's leisure to gratify it, is bound to read the Report of the Charitable Trusts Committee of the City Council upon the Hulme's Charity, and also a letter upon the subject written seventeen years ago by the late Alexander Kay, ex-Mayor of Manchester. The natural inertness of public bodies in respect of private charities or quasi private ones is abundantly evidenced by the fact that seventeen years have elapsed since Mr. Kay addressed himself to this subject. It has been, however, only another illustration of the adage that what is every one's business is nobody's; and when a man so public-spirited and so well-placed, socially, as Mr. Kay declined to proceed further than he did, other men less favourably circumstanced may well have excused themselves from meddling with the enterprize. Thus it happens that we are about to do, or to try to do, in 1871 a work which was comparatively at least almost as pressing in 1854, when the clear-headed and courteous old alderman wrote his letter. In England we move slowly.

In the year 1691, when William of Orange reigned in England, a gentleman resident at Kearsley, in this county, named William Hulme, left the proceeds of certain properties to "*be paid and distributed to and amongst such four of the poor sort of bachelors of arts, taken such degree in Brazenose College, Oxford, as from time to time shall resolve to continue and reside there for the space of four years after such degree shall be taken . . . . my mind and will being that no such bachelor shall continue to have anything of this my exhibition but only for the space of four years, to be accompted from the time of such degree taken.*"

Trustees were appointed and, as the properties in 1691 yielded only £50 or £60 per annum, the first exhibitioners under Mr. Hulme's will only received £10 per annum each. Up to the year 1770 the allowances gradually increased from £10 to £60 each, but the number of exhibitioners never exceeded four. In 1770 the trustees applied to Parliament for power to increase the exhibitioners to ten, and the annual allowance from £60 to £80. Twenty-five years later, in 1795, they got a second Act authorizing fifteen exhibitioners with an allowance of £110; but they do not appear to have exercised their maximum power as regards pay, inasmuch as the annual allowance to each exhibitioner in 1795 was only £80, with £10 for books. This scale was again raised in 1799 to £90, and £10 for books, so that, in little more than one hundred years after the death of Mr. Hulme, the four poor scholars receiving £10 each had by the increased value of the properties been swelled into fifteen, receiving £100 each, all duly sanctioned by Parliament to whom the trustees had very properly appealed.

In 1814, notwithstanding the augmented allowances to the recipients of this charity, "the savings and accumulations of the trustees from the income of the charity having amounted to the sum of £23,700, the trustees applied for a third Act of Parliament to give them increased powers in the appliance of the trust funds."

Before noticing Act the 3rd, let us remember, by the aid of the clause in the will italicized above, what Mr. Hulme expressed himself as wishing to do. Four young men having graduated at their university—that is to say, having taken the degree of B.A., and being presumably barred from proceeding further by narrow circumstances—were to be helped by the beneficence of Mr. Hulme to remain for four years more at the university, and no longer. At the expiration of their four years the recipients of the annual £10 (which was supposed to be a considerable sum in the year 1691) were to retire in favour of other young men similarly circumstanced as regards want of funds. Our readers must be good enough to keep this portion of the question well in view, as it is really the kernel of the whole. *This, therefore, was an educational bequest pure and simple.* So strongly was this impressed upon the mind of the testator that his bequest did not begin to operate at all until the four youngsters had got their first coat of paint as scholars by the degree of bachelor of arts. The exhibitioners were to be four poor scholars—not necessarily students for the ministry of the Church of England any more than students for law or for medicine. Churchmen they were, of course, to be, otherwise they could not have been B.A.'s of Oxford, but by no means students designed for the subsequent assumption of holy orders.

One of the speakers at the Town Hall meeting wanted to make it out that holy orders were understood, if not expressed, because the nominators under the Will were to be the Warden of the Collegiate Church of Manchester and the Rectors of Bury and Prestwich for the time being; and further, because four years from the B.A. degree would bring us to the period at which young men were usually ordained. But looking at the detailed and explicit wording in other respects of the testament of Mr. Hulme, it seems strange that, if his intention were to help ecclesiastical students and none other, he should have left no syllable of direct instruction upon this point, but merely have allowed it to be gleaned from the circumstances mentioned by the speaker at the Town Hall. This argument would appear to have occurred to the trustees as well as to ourselves, for, on page 18 of the Council's Trust Committee's report, Mr. Kay says, "It will be found, on inquiry that many of the exhibitions are given to parties *who never subsequently entered the Church as ministers.*" Thus the rigid restriction of the bequest to gentlemen intended for holy orders has been dispelled by the action of the trustees themselves. We repeat again, therefore, without fear of contradiction, that Mr. Hulme left his money for educational purposes pure and simple, and for educational purposes in their widest sense, always with a reservation for churchmen, as none but churchmen could be B.A.'s of Brazenose.

With these remarks in view we come to the Act of 1814, which was the result of the third appeal of the trustees to Parliament after they had got nearly £24,000 of accumulations, and were bothered to know what to do with them. Up to this point apparently they had kept within the four corners of the intent of the testator's will, wisely augmenting the original number of the four scholars and their money grants. So far the clerical leanings of the trustees had not been manifested. But they burst off vigorously in the year in question, and hit out wide of Mr. Hulme's mark by getting powers to pay a lecturer in Divinity, to be annually nominated by the Principal of Brazenose, who was to receive any pay the trustees thought proper within the sum of £150. This pay was ultimately fixed and now stands at

100 guineas. We are led to inquire why if a lecturer in Divinity were necessary, a similar one for Law and Medicine was not equally so? In this same act the trustees got powers to make the grants to *undergraduates*, that is, to students who had not yet got their B.A. degree—perhaps an unobjectionable change, but one which should be noticed, especially as a prime idea in Mr. Hulme's mind seems to have been that his money was not to go to any one who had not already indicated his diligence by obtaining his first degree.

So matters went on until the year 1827, *when the trustees had £42,000 of savings in hand, over and above what they were paying to the fifteen exhibitioners.* Having so much money due to poor scholars, one would have thought that a just and fair appropriation of that money, or a portion of it, would have been a further augmentation of the number of the poor scholars. The trustees were not of that opinion. Their thoughts still ran in the ecclesiastical or parsonical groove, and they went to Parliament for Act No. 4, which is entitled, "An Act to enable the Trustees . . . to appropriate certain parts of the accumulated funds . . . in the purchase of advowsons, and for other the purposes therein mentioned."

We have now traced this bequest from its issue originally to the "poor sort of Bachelors of Arts," down to or up to a Divinity lecturer; and we have even proceeded to its developement from persons to things—from scholars to advowsons. In a future paper we shall, if all be well, try to look at this bequest in its present shape of bricks and mortar, towards which so many bequests in our time would appear to have a remarkable tendency.

J.F.T.

THE ATHENÆUM MUSICAL SOCIETY.

THE Athenæum Musical Society gave a concert in the Concert Hall, on Friday, in aid of the Orphan Schools of the Warehousemen and Clerks, at Cheadle. The affair was creditable to all concerned, to the performers on account of the excellent programme produced; to the public on account of its hearty support of the object; and to the managers of the schools because they brought the children to enjoy a pleasant evening. The appearance on the upper rows of the orchestra of about sixty boys and twenty girls, all nicely dressed and looking healthy and happy, was a pleasure to the audience; and the frantic manner in which the children, especially the lads, applauded some of the part-songs because they were "funny" was not the least delightful feature of the evening. The room was quite filled at half-a-crown by an audience in which a large proportion of benevolent-looking fair faces was conspicuous, and which thoroughly enjoyed the performance.

The first part of the programme consisted of Mr. Barnby's idyll on the subject of *Rebekah*, rendered in the dramatic form. Rebekah, soprano, was sung by Miss J. Higham; Isaac, tenor, by Mr. Davison; and Eliezer, bass, by Mr. Shorrock. The music was very efficiently given, especially the choruses, which were admirable. The air, *Fear or Doubting*, was given by Miss Higham, both in the solo and with the chorus, in a style seldom heard from an amateur. Noticeable also was the performance of a chorus in fugue to the opening evensong; the music, splendid in composition and difficult of execution, was rendered almost perfectly. Mr. Barnby is a rising composer of great promise. He seems to be a complete master of his art, and when the mellowness and polish of maturer years and longer experience are added to the vigour and boldness of his present powers, the world, we believe, may expect great things from his pen. The boldness we speak of is in his harmonies, which are not the less beautiful because they are venturesome and startling sometimes. But although he occasionally out-Mendelssohn's Mendelssohn, he always gets through clearly and comes out triumphant.

The second part of the concert was made up principally of madrigals and part-songs, and was evidently more fully enjoyed by the audience, especially the boys, than the first. The performance of the choir in these concerted pieces was almost beyond praise. Rarely are to be found associated in one chorus such strict accuracy of time; such accord of voices; such unanimity of expression and light and shade, as are displayed by this society. Also, the qualities of voices are far above the average in a chorus so numerous; the weak place in this respect is, if anywhere, in the tenors. We noticed on this and on former occasions a deficiency in this section of the choir, a want of power and tone. Whether the fault arises from deficiency of numbers or deficiency of quality we are not at present prepared to say. In the singing of Randegger's *Peacefully Slumber*, Miss Heywood won an encore by ending on a heavy bottom note (contralto), which gave her an opportunity of singing Hullah's *Storm*, for which she narrowly escaped another encore on the same account. It is somewhat amusing, yet, withal, tiresome, to see how inevitably a contralto or a basso is called on to give an encore, when the intelligent British audience hears the singer creep down the lowest depths of his or her register to grope for the lowest possible keynote. But the intelligent British audience always is taken with a fit on hearing such a note, even when (as was not the case on this occasion) the whole performance is mediately or irredeemably bad. It is quite time the I.B.A. should learn better sense.

To return to our concert, all went off well, as a good programme well rehearsed and well sung is sure to do. Dr. Hiles conducted with his usual superabundant care; but may we beg the worthy Dr. to stand whilst he conducts without accompaniment, and then *one* arm will be quite sufficient to let all his singers know what he wants.

A DAY IN THE WITHINGTON WORKHOUSE.

[IN TWO PAPERS: THE SECOND.]

THE inspection of the lunatic wards could not have other than a saddening effect. Mr. Clements, the doctor, again joined our party prior to our entrance to these wards, and considerately accompanied us through them. The first room we entered was occupied by middle-aged and old women. Here a poor thing named Nannie sidled up to us in a queer fashion, and, shaking our hand, replied to our enquiry that she was very well, hoped that we were the same, and that we had left all well at home. While talking her body was never still, its movements being compounded of slides and curtsies. The other lunatic women who were standing around looked on with half-pitying, half-apologetic expressions on their faces, as if beseeching us to make allowances for poor Nannie's peculiarities. Another room was appropriated to young creatures, aged from eighteen to twenty-five years, or thereabouts. They were chatting together just as any other assembly of girls would do, and our entrance was the signal for whispered surmises as to who we were. But all the faces wore a strange, unsatisfied look, which told us that we were in strange company. One poor girl with bright eyes and glowing cheeks put a thin hand into ours, and, gazing eagerly into our face, strove to recognize us. She told us that she had enjoyed herself very well during her visit, and that it was a very nice place; but she was getting rather tired and would like to see her friends. When we parted from her she gave us her name and address, and begged us with a painful earnestness to call at her home and give her love to all whom we should find there.

In the wards for males we were struck at first with the intelligent cast of features of many of the inmates. One particularly well-made and powerful-looking man advanced to us and, assuring us that he was quite recovered, begged us to bring his overcoat to him and let him go. We half-believed that he was sane, but a glance at the eye, which never rested, soon settled the matter. When we left him he vowed to memorialise Her Majesty the same evening, the result of which action on his part would cost us millions of pounds. To each ward is attached a pleasantly laid-out ground, all grass and shrubs. The majority of the males were reclining on seats in one of these enclosures. Here the spectacle became even sadder. One poor fellow with a bandaged arm was addressing a brick wall in terms of earnest complaint and expostulation. He seemed utterly miserable. From the seats others were watching him with cynical, stony countenances not pleasant to look at. Out in the beautiful sunshine and on the fresh greenness of the hopeful spring, there was an awful weariness about those still figures, which was all the more appalling when we learnt that drink and vice were the chief causes of the ruin they expressed.

The lowest types of humanity shown to us crouched in the wood and

on the ground for female idiots. We were led into a snug apartment, resembling a comfortable kitchen. In a corner by the fire sat an object which seemed all head, knees, and feet. It was a girl. On the floor by her side was another. They never looked up or spoke; only jabbered inarticulately. More were squatted over the grass and gravel paths outside. We saw the face of one who was huddled up on a ledge, in a kind of shed, as if on a perch. Call it the face of a monkey or what you will, it was not the face of a human being composed of body, soul, and spirit. Talking on the subject, our guide told us that the brain of a male idiot, who had died in the workhouse a little while before, had been examined. It was pronounced to be a perfect structure, and, as far as material went, the brain of a highly intelligent man. This statement caused us to be much more impressed by the difference between the faces of the lunatics and those of the idiots. In the former we fancied we could see an indwelling spirit vainly trying to produce harmony through the chords of a shattered instrument. In the latter we could detect no spirit at all. We wondered whether the first were immortal beings dwelling in ruined tenements? the latter only moving machines pulled about by electric ganglia. The doctor's words "It is a mystery," ended our reflection.

The opening of a door, shrill bursts of joyous laughter, a rushing as of a swarm of bees, and a crowd of little girls have fastened upon the legs and hands and arms of each member of our party. It is like music after despair. For an instant we are so dazed that we stand passively submitting, like Gulliver, to the assaults of the pigmies. Little by little we make out that we are in the girls' playground, and that these are a portion of the workhouse children. Some have rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and dimpled faces; others have faces not so chubby or rosy; but all look merry. There is a shadow of melancholy present, because we can't forget that these are foundlings, picked up in the streets, or born in the workhouse, and dependent for future happiness upon the kindness of strangers. But we fairly enjoy ourselves. Tossing one child into the air, we are deafened by shouts of "me, me." At length, being thoroughly tired, and having had our hands kissed and smoothed and petted all round, we bid our young friends "good-bye," and enter the nursery. Here, seated on the floor, surrounded by an admiring circle of small infants, is a juvenile scarcely large enough to walk, slowly and cautiously blacking its shoes with a brush, which its tiny strength appears just able to move. Outside the circle is a youth of about three summers, apparently the wag of the company, inasmuch as he proceeds to make faces at us, to the intense amusement of a select party of his acquaintances. A promise of cake induces the band to place their diminutive forms on seats provided for them, and to favour us with a song, which we have heard before, beginning, "A little ship was on the sea." Passing through a neighbouring room, we are shown the numerous cradles in which the latest generation of paupers take their rest. One of these cradles, adapted to hold six infants, is declared to be an object which elicits exclamations of delight from all the ladies who visit the workhouse.

In the boy's playground we saw a number of as artful-looking dodgers as we have ever beheld. Upon our entrance, and in obedience to a sign from the governor the whole of the boys, with one exception, ranged themselves in a crowd before us. The exception alluded to was a little lame fellow who, supported on a leg and a crutch, and whip in hand, was actively pursuing a gyrating top, evidently imagining for the time being that the universe contained nothing but the top and himself. Most of the faces before us had that look of wide-awake intelligence which is the only good gained from a street education, softened somewhat by the discipline of school-life. There was no mistaking the Lancashire extraction of one diminutive personage. The Governor called for six of the largest boys to run a race for the usual prize to be enjoyed at supper—cake. Six boys stood out from the rest, one of the six being the smallest present. Holding up his head, however, he seemed to think he was decidedly the biggest, and, notwithstanding some objection on the part of his companions, managed to maintain his place. During the enunciation of the "one, two, three," we observed that his stockinged feet where slyly creeping from the encasing clogs, and, when the starting number was given, away he went down the playground and back again, winning the race by about three lengths. On our way to inspect the piggeries we saw several boys gardening, under the superintendence of a paid instructor.

The last department of the Workhouse which we visited was a building appropriately designated "The Test House." It was a narrow apartment, consisting of a passage along the side of a number of wooden cages, to each of which was attached a machine resembling a huge coffee mill. We were informed that able-bodied male applicants for relief, who are supposed to be vagabondish, drunken, or idle, are placed in these cages, there to grind the corn which is raised on the adjoining farm. The men are locked in here at about eight o'clock in the morning, if we remember rightly. The mills are filled three times during the day, and if the grinders have ground the specified quantity they are liberated at about five o'clock. Dinner is served to them in the cages. Behind the grinding-room is the sleeping apartment, and attached to it a barren yard containing a heap of stones. We can assure our fellow ratepayers that no sluggard or drunkard will partake of the workhouse charity until forced by hunger, and that as long as he is an inmate of "The Test House" he earns his living. Indeed it seemed to us that the regulations effectually confine the benefits of the Institution to those sufferers who must ever be the proper objects of charity. Whether in the details of these regulations or in the nature of the benefits there is room for improvement our day did not afford us sufficient opportunity to ascertain. Doubtless there may be. Our courteous guide, the governor, Mr. Brokenshire, told us that the admirable appliances and systems which we saw in thorough working order were the accumulation of the fifteen years which have elapsed since the original building was opened We believe, however, that very considerable advances in efficiency and towards perfection have been made in the last few years. The institution at present is considered to be one of the most complete and perfect in the kingdom, and improvement is still going on.

So far as we could judge, the superannuated paupers receive all the comfort which their own habits and the difficulties of the question will permit. Perhaps none but those who have to deal practically with the question can understand those difficulties; but after all the aged and infirm are they who need our charity. It seemed to us that the sick and afflicted are most attentively cared for. As for the children, we are taught to believe that, no matter how they come, they are God's gifts. They at least have wronged no man. Many of the young faces which looked up into ours had the weird outlines and wistful expressions which are the sure results of poverty and sin; but we have been in several private houses, where servants have been numerous and money plentiful, and where the children have been less childlike than those we saw in the workhouse.

DIFFICULTIES OF A CONTRIBUTOR.

IT has been common for people in all ages of the world—speaking of the world's age in its social aspect and not geologically, after the manner of Mr. Loud Tawkings or Mr. B. W. Hinney—common for people in uncomfortable circumstances, either to imagine a state of things in which they think they could be perfectly happy, or to look longingly at the fortunes of other people, and feel completely satisfied that half that sum would make their wives and children happy. The Hyperboreans, who suffered so much from the freezing northwind, thought that if they could get behind where the wind began they would be at once bathed in soft airs and fed with dew; and similarly, I, this present writer, have been bothered for ever so long with an exacting and scrupulous Editor, who won't let me go on my own hook and let me occupy whole pages with articles that would, I am convinced, be at once the instruction and delight of mankind. (That last is a neat expression, mind you.) But I have for once, however, got the better of him. These lines are slipped in behind his back, as they say, (as if there could be any front to a back) and I am going to take the public into my confidence this time instead of the Editor, who is, in fact, a regular tyrant; and how, I would ask, can I place any confidence in a tyrant when I am writing for my bread (at 7½d. the something pound loaf)?

My complaint, or rather my grievance, is just this, that whereas I am naturally serious all the world has resolved to believe that because I have written a few light humourous trifles I can, forsooth, write nothing else. Now that, I don't mind telling *you*, is a mistake. When I ought to have an article of three or four columns long on "Memoirs of Eminent Letter Carriers," or two or three chapters of Travels, say, "By the overland route from Gagg's Fields to Collyhurst," I am met with "Out of your line, my dear sir, completely out of your line," said with a

sardonic smile. (I don't know what a sardonic smile is, but this is very like what I think it should be.) "Give us a few of those lively humorous short pieces," says the Editor, "that you can rattle off quickly: those bits of fun that you know so well how to hit off." Hit off, indeed; I should like to hit him off. I hate hitting off. I never hit off. In fact, I can't. I am, between ourselves, slow. When I set myself to do anything it is with difficulty, and then I sometimes think about it for hours, about what the title must or ought to be, and very often have to give it up, or leave it, until I see what the article I am writing turns out to be, for I frequently don't know myself when I begin, or, as our curate says, commence. The leading tragedian in Mr. Vincent Crummles's Company congratulated himself for having "such a confounded quick study." With me it is just the contrary. Mine is confoundedly slow. I ponder, I study, I excogitate, I burn the midnight gas (my two last quarter's bills have been something frightful), and yet this dull and unperceptive fellow puts my proffered columns back again with gentle force into my pocket, rubs his hands together very hard, and with an unfeeling grin asks me to "hit off" something.

Once, I took him a conundrum—a riddle, in fact, which I had been trying to get into a presentable shape for about three weeks. I had asked it of all my friends and intimate acquaintances, in various forms of question, until nobody could guess it, and then I submitted it in writing triumphantly to the tyrant, answer and all. He read it over, at least six times, and then laid the paper down, as if he were doubtful whether or not he ought to crumple it up and chuck it into the fire (perhaps I ought to say, deposit it in the flames, but I feel warm with the recollection of the scene). To add insult to the injury, he took from his pocket a coin of insignificant value, and, as the lawyers say, tendered it to me. I exclaimed, with the cabman—"what's this?" "Our usual pay for a joke," was the cool answer. It was a joke, a grim one, I thought; but what could I say to a man so callous as to offer me——but I won't expose myself to public contumely by saying what I received. I did not say grace after it, I know. Now, I have another: "Why is a raven like a writing-desk?" but, of course, I'm not going to let it go for the ridiculously small sum of——. I treasured that coin for some time. I made a small mark on it to know it again by, and used it to toss with. *I always lost* with it! I paid it away at the Gloucester, and received it again next day in change. I believe it was a bad one, because I have passed many a one (not *bad* ones of course, only *suspicious* ones) and somehow they instinctively find me out again before the week is over. I had a hole bored in this, and gave it as part of my new year's gift to our milkman, a ferocious looking villain, who drives up to my door twice a day with some very pink-looking milk in a "dandy," a concern composed of equal parts of spring-cart and ancient Roman chariot.

In these days of universal education one is expected to take part in all branches of literary art, and in all sorts of subjects, too. I believe myself qualified to write for the newspaper press. In fact my forte is politics, and, as I do not belong to any particular side, I am able, you see, to write on either. But where is the Newspaper Editor who will let me write a leader on politics? Echo answers, where? I once succeeded in thoroughly mastering the Schleswig-Holstein question, and there never was anybody but me and Baron Beust who understood the question, and *he* understood it wrong, and yet they would have nothing about it from me, and now it is all over. "Give us something local," is the parrot-cry, "something local and light; above all, light and short." Another editor looks with disdain upon my reflections on the Franco-German War, and has even rejected my very lucid explanation of what "the Commune" really is, remarking at the same time, "short articles, my good fellow, short articles and local topics suit you best. Take the School-board or the Slaughter-house Question or the last County Court case, and make it smart and readable."

Every now and then in the publishing season a book comes out which either disgusts me or delights my heart. I naturally want to review it, to say what I think about it, and as sure as I hint my wishes, I find that the book has been carried off by one of the greatest dullards in scribbledom, and I am offered, say—*Undesigned Coincidences in the Writings of the Early Racing Prophets*. Don't I remonstrate! I do, and they offer me the *Quarterly Journal of the Vegetarians*, or the new number of John Heywood's Railway Guide, accompanied with a repetition of the odious advice, "Stick to your line. Stick to the light, the airy, the amusing." I airy—I amusing—I, who have just been reading up the subject of slavery in Patagonia, and am about to take up Jowett's Plato with the original, for my own private delectation. Never mind, I am writing a five-act tragedy in Elizabethan blank-verse, and if Knowles won't have it, Calvert *shall*, and it will astonish the world!

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE BIRDS.

SINCE our last note on this subject many of our summer visitors have arrived. On the 10th instant, a large flight of cuckoos alighted on Tooting Common, and soon afterwards paired off into the beautiful hills and vales of Surrey. Since then the well-known voice of this bird has been heard in almost every county. The 10th is the average time of its arrival on our shores. Our old nocturnal friend, the sedge-warbler, has also reached its summer quarters, and probably will soon be passing itself off as a nightingale in northern latitudes. The wryneck was heard in Surrey a few days ago before the arrival of the cuckoos. The blackcap has also come to feast upon the ripe ivy berries, and is heard in the gloaming, pouring out his gratitude in song. On the 8th inst., the nightingale was first heard in Sussex. This is good time. Since then its arrival has been general in such counties as it deigns to visit. In addition to the above the following have been seen or heard since the first instant:—The garden warbler, chiff-chaff, whitethroat, willow wren, redstart, tree pipit, yellow wagtail, wheatear, flycatcher, swallow, house martin, and sand martin.

MORE ABOUT THE CRICKET SEASON.

The Manchester Club will be in strong force this season. They have published a list of thirty matches, to some of the more important of which we alluded last week. In addition to F. Reynolds, the Cambridge bowler, who has charge of the ground, W. Hickton, who has been professional bowler with the Broughton Club for some years past, has been engaged by the Manchester Club. Hickton will take an active part in the matches, and as he is a very destructive bowler, he will doubtless prove a great acquisition to the Manchester Club. The season opens this day (Saturday). At the time of writing, the Broughton Club had issued no programme for the season, which opens on the 29th instant. The cricket ground and bowling ground are in excellent order. Bowers, formerly with the Longsight Club, is engaged as professional bowler, and has charge of the ground. We understand that it is not the intention of the Broughton Club to play the All-England match this season, or any match with a professional Eleven as a substitute for this once popular annual match. The great extension of cricket in this locality within the last few years has caused such matches to result in almost certain pecuniary loss unless favoured with the finest weather. As the matches were seldom played out, the public have little reason to regret their extinction, at least for a time. The Western Club inaugurated the season on Saturday last, on their picturesque ground at Hope, by an athletic contest, the sports consisting of flat-racing, hurdle-racing, high and long jumping, cricket ball throwing, and other diversions. There was an extensive programme, but unfortunately the weather was very unfavourable. Nevertheless, the entries were good, and the various matches well contested. Ambler, from Yorkshire, has been engaged by the Western Club as professional bowler. The Cheetham Hill Club have enlarged their bowling green, adjoining the cricket ground, very considerably since last season. The cricket ground will be opened, we believe, on Saturday next. Wardle, from Nottingham, is again engaged as professional bowler.

MONARCHY V. REPUBLIC.

A correspondent, who disagrees with Sir Edward Watkin's opinions as to the relative economical advantages of a monarchical and a republican form of government, sends us a letter, for the whole of which we have not space. Here is its gist, so far as it affects the points referred to in the *Sphinx* last week:—"Sir Edward says royalty in this country costs less than republicanism in the United States, because the latter country spends £2,000,000 a year to elect a president. Assuming that this is a correct

estimate of the cost, except he can show that the money is raised in the same way as our subsidies and salaries to royalty are, viz., by direct taxation, his parallel fails in a most essential particular, as well might he add to the cost of our government the enormous charges of a general election. But if the speaker had taken the trouble to add up the various charges, direct and indirect, which we pay for the maintenance of royalty, I fear the total would far exceed half a million per annum. The fairest course would be to add up the total cost of the executive government of each country, and what result that would show we know very well. If the American people are now the most heavily taxed in the world, they were not so before the war, and a very large portion of their present taxation goes to pay off their national debt. When we are paying off our debt at the same rate, we can compare rates on a fair basis. I am not at all afraid of meeting this argument on far 'higher' grounds than mere cost, nor do I think republicanism would suffer at all in comparison with monarchy on any grounds."

CATCH PHRASES.

For some time past we have enjoyed comparative immunity from the plague of catch words and phrases, but there are certain symptoms that the epidemic is about to break out again, and a few cases have already occurred in this city. In London the disease is virulent at present. We therefore recommend all parties liable to infection to get vaccinated, or we should rather say *catchinated* at once, before Mr. J. L. Toole makes his re-appearance in Peter-street, for he has lately had the complaint very badly, and although he leaves it wherever he goes, "still he is not happy." When the patient in his delirium shows this symptom, and keeps perpetually exclaiming at all times and seasons *apropos* of nothing "and still I am not happy," the disease may be considered to have reached its climax, and it may be necessary to remove the sufferer to the nearest lunatic ward, as at this crisis of complaint the infection is most virulent and spreading. If Mr. Toole brings his last burlesque with him, the complaint is certain to become chronic for a time. The greatest precautions ought to be taken against the outbreak by the authorities, and a severe fine should at once be levied upon all who show premonitory symptoms of exclaiming "still I am not happy." We cannot forget the lamentable increase of idiocy, vacant laughter, and general inanity which took place when the country was suffering from such catching epidemics as "I believe you my booiy," "Nor any other man," "Not for Joseph," "Not me," "Jamie knows," and many others similar contagious diseases which decimated whole towns and weakened the brains of the survivors. "Still I am not happy" must be stamped out like the rinderpest.

THE DOG INN.

Some eighteen months since the magistrates withdrew the license from the Dog Inn, Deansgate. This was a very proper proceeding, as the Dog was a disreputable, low singing saloon and the resort of bad characters. The magistrates, however, seem to be rather capricious in the matter of granting licenses. As Mr. Bruce said in his speech, "properly conducted inns are a necessity and a great convenience." What we require are good inns. Now, last week, the landlord of that very old and respectable hotel, the Feathers, in Deansgate, applied to the magistrates for a licence to re-open the Dog Inn, and make it into a respectable public-house. It appears that the applicant, Mr. Hancock, who has had the Feather's Hotel for twenty-five years and conducted it respectably, is under notice to quit his house at the end of any quarter, as the place is to be pulled down to make way for the widening of Deansgate. Naturally enough, Mr. Hancock does not relish his precarious position, which is getting worse every week, owing to all the adjoining property becoming empty. For this reason, he wished to take a public-house in the neighbourhood, where he could keep his connection together. The transfer would not have increased the number of public-houses, and a good landlord with an establishe1 character would have been secured. Mr. Headlam, however, informed him that possibly his present house might be left standing for a year or two, and refused the license; but he said he might apply at the Brewster Sessions later in the year, if he chose. We shall be curious to see, when the Dog Inn comes to be let, as assuredly it will, whom it is let to. Licenses have been granted to some houses of by no means a reputable character, and we need not go very far from the Cathedral in order to find them.

AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.

[WITH OUR USUAL ACKNOWLEDGMENT TO MR. W. S. GILBERT.]

ACT I.

Scene: An H. J. Byronic garret. (Enter Mr. Edmonds.)

MR. EDMONDS.—I am got up as a miser, just like Mr. Toole would have been got up if he'd had to play it. And I act it just as he'd have acted it. One newspaper wired into me. If I'd been he it'd have gone into ecstacies. Such is dramatic criticism. *(Enter Miss Louisa Moore.)* Rachel, my darling.

MISS MOORE.—Hold your tongue, you doddering old idiot!—*(aside)*—I'm quite aware that much of my language is unfilial in the extreme, but that's the author's fault, not mine. Besides, if I am very rude to him, I make up for it by being very obedient. I forge wills, fetch brandy bottles, and keep watch at the door while he commits felonies. Therefore, I think I may be permitted to repeat, shut up, you doddering old fool!

MR. EDMONDS.—Don't speak in that way to your poor father.

MISS MOORE.—Well, old fellow, it is rather rude of me, but haven't I enough to make me cross? Imagine having to wear a dress like this. Look where the waist is. Isn't it a fright? I can't help looking nice, but it does all it can to spoil me. I'm the brightest little creature possible, if they'll only let me smile; and they will make me blubber. How can I help being called the Champion Weepist? Oh, what idiots managers and authors are! I've got the prettiest face imaginable, and this is the way it's wasted.

MR. EDMONDS.—Well, my dear, it's not my fault. Don't pitch into your poor old father.

MISS MOORE.—Well, come, let us get on. I need hardly tell you how when I was a child, you discovered my capacity for imitating even to the minutest particular—

MR. EDMONDS.—There, there. Don't begin that dreadful anecdote. I know all about it.

MISS MOORE.—But the audience don't; and it's Mr. Byron's artistic way of telling them.

MR. EDMONDS.—Well, well. Let us get it over. But it's very hard to have to listen to it every night. You bore your poor old father to a fearful extent. You have no pity on your poor old father.

MISS MOORE.—You're *not* poor!

MR. EDMONDS.—Ah! You've been prying, have you?

MISS MOORE.—Prying? Never! Low as I am, I have not sunk so low as that. No! I may forge, but I am not inquisitive. I might commit a murder, but I never borrowed a postage stamp! *(Loud cheers from the gallery.)*

(Enter Mr. Wainwright.)

MR. WAINWRIGHT.—I am a heavy villian, and I look it. Forge a will.

MR. EDMONDS.—Rachel, my dear, attend to this gentleman. One will. Forge it.

MISS MOORE.—Certainly, papa. *(She forges it.)*

ACT II.

Scene: Grounds belonging to an individual of the fine old English gentlemanly name of "Chuckles."

(Enter Mrs. Clifford Cooper and Miss Barnes.)

MRS. COOPER.—Isn't it 'orrid 'ot?

MISS BARNES.—Ma! do aspirate your H's. Mr. Warde thinks you are so ignorant.

MRS. COOPER.—Then, Mr. Warde his hignorant 'imself, for 'e would know that hit requires just has much knowledge to put the H's halways hin the wrong place has to put them halways hin the right.

(Enter Mr. Warde.)

MR. WARDE.—Heigho! An inartistic author puts me in the awkwardest of parts, which I play very decently, and all the papers praise him up and pitch into poor me. It's hard lines.

MRS. COOPER.—What's 'ard lines, you pauper?

MR. WARDE.—Being a pauper. Smoking dusty cigarettes, while Sothern has a jolly good cigar.

(Enter Mr. Sothern.)

MR. SOTHERN.—Well, you know, old fellow, I can't help it. Though I'm supposed to revel in the wealth of all the Chuckleses, look at that water-jug and say if I'd stand that, if I could afford you cigars.

MR. WARDE.—By Jove, no. I forgive you. But though you're

economical in water-jugs in other things your waste *(waist)* is very great indeed.

MR. SOTHERN.—Well, I can always undo one or two buttons of my waistcoat.

N.B.—This is a joke. It is, indeed. Ridiculous as the idea seems it is a joke; and if you'll only think about it for a week or two you'll see it.

MR. SOTHERN.—Charming place this, isn't it? Time soon goes. I spend the greater part of it in wondering why on earth the author called me Chuckles.

MR. WARDE.—I should have thought you'd spend more of it, wondering why he called his play *An English Gentleman.*

(Enter Miss Roselle.)

MISS ROSELLE.—And you've given up swearing, haven't you, Charlie?

MR. SOTHERN.—I gave that up the second night or so. For a marvel, all the papers but the *Guardian* agree as to it's being low.

MISS ROSELLE.—Yes, Charlie, and you very sensibly acceded to their view, and I shall always think the better of you for it.

MR. SOTHERN.—But I'm going to damn it, when I get to London.

MISS ROSELLE.—No, you're not.

MR. SOTHERN.—Do let me damn it, when I get to London.

MISS ROSELLE.—No!

MR. SOTHERN.—Well, I *will* damn it when I get to London. That's just the sort of thing that goes down at the Haymarket. Be bothered to the papers. I've no patience with them. One of them says I've got jerky. They all say I swear too much; and another of them has the impudence to find fault with my bran new billycock. I flatter myself you don't see a billycock like that every day.

MR. WARDE.—Thank heaven, I don't.

MR. SOTHERN.—Why, what's the matter with it?

MR. WARDE.—It's too big for you. It smothers you.

MR. SOTHERN.—What of it? This is a free country. If a man likes to wear a billycock a size or so too large for him, who's to stop him? I say, who's to stop him?

(Enter Mr. Wainwright.)

MR. WAINWRIGHT. I! You can't afford new billycocks. You haven't got a shilling. Here's a will, disinheriting you. I'll sell it you for twenty thousand pounds.

MR. SOTHERN.—No, you won't: for I won't buy it. Warde, I resign possession. All is yours. I won't wait till the will is proved, for that would stop the action of the piece. I won't even read it. I confess it is a trial to me to leave everything. I should like a clean shirt for to-morrow morning. But to get that also would obstruct the action. Byron's not a Sheridan, but he is experienced, and he knows the importance of getting on with his story. Good bye, all of you. I feel that it's very absurd of me to go away in this abrupt style, but it's absolutely necessary to drop the curtain on a situation. So, farewell.

ACT III.

Scene I.—Another garret. (*Enter Mr. Sothern.*)

MR. SOTHERN.—I've got over the shirt difficulty by buying a flannel one with some of Warde's money. Ain't I hungry?

(Enter Miss Roselle.)

MR. SOTHERN.—Polly, Polly, Polly!

MISS ROSELLE.—Charlie, Charlie, Charlie! *(da capo.)* There's a pie.

MR. SOTHERN.—That's right. Now, do you know what that pie reminds me of?

MISS ROSELLE.—No. What?

MR. SOTHERN.—A *pie-ano*—good joke isn't it? Sounds well in a comedy.

N.B.—This is a fact. It is. This is another of Mr. Byron's jokes.

MISS ROSELLE.—There's some bread.

MR. SOTHERN.—Ah, that's the right sort. That's country bread. Polly, you're *country bred.*

N.B.—This is a third of Mr. Byron's jokes. Funny dog, Mr. Byron.

MR. SOTHERN.—Polly, Polly, Polly!

MISS ROSELLE.—Charlie, Charlie, Charlie! *(ad nauseam.)*

Scene II. The First Garret. (*Enter Miss Louisa Moore.*)

MISS MOORE.—I'm at it again. They won't let me smile. Nobody looks as nice as I do when I smile, but they've all entered into a conspiracy not to let me. This is theatrical management. *(Enter Mr. Edmonds).* Look here, Mr. Edmonds. I've to call you "father" such a lot of times in this scene, let's get some of them over, and have done with them. Father, father, father, father, father, father! There. Now, I feel easier in my mind.

(Enter Mr. Wainwright.)

MR. WAINWRIGHT.—Here I am.

MR. EDMONDS.—With the swag?

MR. WAINWRIGHT.—Some of it.

MISS MOORE.—What dreadful tale of villany and fraud do they unfold! *(aside).* I'm perfectly conscious of the intense absurdity of this speech, but it's in the part, and I must say it.

MR. WAINWRIGHT.—Here's the real will.

(Enter Mr. Sothern.)

MR. SOTHERN.—Then just hand it over.

TERRIFIC COMBAT. VIRTUE TRIUMPHANT! BLUE FIRE.

N.B.—The way a good situation is worked up out of this unpromising scene is really a marvel of stage craft.

ACT IV.

Scene.—A gorgeous chamber. (*Enter Mr. Warde.*)

MR. WARDE.—Eh, I am cadding it over my tenants.

(Enter Mr. Sothern.)

MR. SOTHERN.—Sorry to disturb you, but get out.

MR. WARDE.—Forgive me, cousin.

MR. SOTHERN.—Certainly, old fellow. Stop and dine with me. I know I ought to kick you, but forgiveness always goes down with the gallery—if it's undeserved enough.

(Enter Miss Moore.)

MISS MOORE.—I need not repeat the sad story of my life.

ALL.—Don't, please, Miss Moore.

MISS MOORE.—I'll smile instead. I've lumped all night to please Mr. Byron, and now I'm going to smile to please myself. I know I shouldn't, with my father left in an utterly unexplained condition. But I don't care. I'm weary of this melancholy business.

(Enter Miss Roselle.)

MISS ROSELLE.—Here I am, Charlie; only one thing remains to complete my happiness.

MR. SOTHERN.—What's that?

MISS ROSELLE.—Your promise that you won't say damn it when you get to London.

MR. SOTHERN.—Well, I won't.

AFFECTING TABLEAU.

THE SPHINX'S LICENSING BILL.

MR. BRUCE'S "Bill to Regulate the Sale of Exciseable Liquors" is now in print, and turns out to be as complex, diffuse, and verbose a measure as his introductory speech indicated. The speech threw very little light upon the bill, and the bill throws quite as little light upon the speech. We have come to the conclusion that the measure possesses intrinsic merits, but by aiming at far too much at one time the whole is endangered. If Mr. Bruce's bantling is not strangled off-hand, it would not surprise us if it is victimized in the usual massacre of the innocents before the close of the session. Under these circumstances we append a bill of our own, which has the advantage of simplicity, and which is quite as likely to pass as Mr. Bruce's in its present shape. Mr. W. T. Charley, M.P., would like to take charge of our bill, but as he has quite enough on his hands at present with babies, nurses, and other questions "looming in the future" in Salford, we think of entrusting it to Mr. Bernal Osborne, M.P., who is sure to do it justice. The following are the clauses:—

1.—License will be given to the magistrates to license themselves as publicans, if they choose, and several have already, in anticipation, availed themselves of the privilege, and purpose entering into that line of business. The Freemason's Tavern will be allotted to Mr. W. R. Callender, Junr., J.P., D.P.G.M., &c. Mr. J. W. Maclure, J.P., will take the White Lion, at Withington, on condition that it be kept open all day on Sundays. The Union Tavern will be handed over to Mr. Leppoc, J.P., Chairman of the Board of Guardians. Mr. Ivie Mackie, J.P., will be relegated to the Land o' Cakes, the Barley-Mow, or the Tullochgorum Vaults; and the Thatched House Tavern will be allotted to Mr. Kenworthy, J.P., but rum and honey will be considered an adulterated liquor, and prohibited accordingly.

2.—Licences will not be put up to the highest bidder, but as Mr. Bidder, the eminent civil engineer, is already a public man, he may have one for the asking; and his relative, Mr. S. P. Bidder, insurance agent, may enter a public-house whenever he pleases, provided he has nothing more to do with the Albert.

3.—All applicants, other than magistrates, will be required to undergo a competitive examination. They must obtain certificates of efficiency in practical analytical chemistry; in powers of drinking themselves, without getting drunk; in the detection of deleterious matter in adulterated liquour; and be practically acquainted with the physiology of blue devils and the megrims.

4.—All back entrances to public-houses must be abolished, and customers must enter boldly by the front door. In the event of any one being drunk and disorderly inside, he may be bundled out neck and crop by the nearest place of exit.

7.—Flirtations with barmaids will be entirely prohibited, and the responding party made liable to a heavy fine.

8.—The brewers' monopoly will not be absolutely abolished, but the brewer must henceforth reside upon the premises. If, therefore, Colonel Deakin can make himself ubiquitous, and live in a score of places at one and the same time, he will have several town residences at his disposal in various populous and salubrious parts of the city.

9.—The "private bottle" at wholesale wine and spirit merchants' offices will be abolished, and no sly tippling in private allowed. Secret drinking will not be included among the rights of women.

10.—All vested interests will be duly regarded, and landlords will have ample opportunities of looking after the interests of Number One.

11.—Publicans detected in selling adulterated liquor will be put through a severe course of their own stuff, and afterwards promoted to a higher sphere of usefulness—the treadmill.

12.—On Sundays, public-houses will open at half-past twelve, p.m., in order that working people, who dine at that hour, may have a jug of fresh-drawn beer for dinner as well as those people who dine at home and have wine and beer in their own cellars. For similar reasons they will be open from six to ten p.m.

13. A publican may marry his deceased wife's grandmother.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE HISTORIAN OF THE SIEGE OF GIBRALTAR.

THE Drinkwaters were a respectable Cheshire family, the main line, of which seems ultimately to have been settled at Latchford, near Warrington. By marriage, or otherwise, they rose somehow in the world, and the John Drinkwater who represented them between 1718 and 1760 "inherited considerable property in Cheshire, Lancashire and Northamptonshire." Unfortunately, he "wasted the whole of it," and the sins of the fathers being visited on the children, his extravagance, we are told, "entailed great embarrassment on the family." Therefore, presumably, it was that his second son, also a John, found himself restricted to the career of surgeon in the navy, one at that time (*teste* Tobias Smollett) much more than now unprofitable and repulsive. Born in 1740, he entered at eighteen the medical service of Britannia as Ruler of the Waves, and saw some fighting during the last years of the war waged by Chatham in alliance with Frederick the Great, and "conquering France in America." As surgeon of the *Ripon*, of sixty guns, he was at the capture of Guadaloupe in 1759, the year in which Wolfe fell victorious on the Plains of Abraham, wresting Canada from France. His father died in the following year, 1760, and therefore it was, perhaps, that in 1761, before the war was fairly over, he returned home and married "Elizabeth Andrews, of Salford, in Lancashire." Soon afterwards he established himself in Salford as a medical man (in 1763 he obtained the diploma of M.D.), and lived there and thus up to his death in 1797. By this his (first) wife he had several children. The elder son, John Drinkwater, the historian of the Siege of Gibraltar, was born in 1762, at Latchford aforesaid. Probably the family retained there some little property, saved from the wreck of the prodigal Drinkwater's patrimony.

Of the early years of the Historian of the Siege of Gibraltar nothing has been chronicled until he reached the age of fifteen. Possibly in the dull old Salford of those days he had listened with interest to paternal anecdotes of adventure in the Spanish Main, and was thus smitten with a love for a martial life. At any rate, this was the career chosen by him, under circumstances which kindled a blaze of warlike ardour in Manchester and his native Salford. When John Drinkwater was a boy of fifteen there came news from beyond the Atlantic of a great disaster suffered by the British arms. It was the year before the American Declaration of Independence, and General Burgoyne (author of various dramatic pieces) had surrendered himself and army at Saratoga to the Yankee General Gates. Nowhere did the tidings of the calamity produce a greater impression than in King George the Third's loyal town of Manchester. At the commencement of the American war the inhabitants of Manchester had voted an address to the throne, in which "His Majesty was assured that his people were ready to support him with their lives and fortunes in the prosecution of this just and necessary contest, for the punishment of rebels instigated by the artful designs of a discontented faction." The news of the disaster of Saratoga increased instead of diminishing the warlike zeal of Manchester. A fund was at once eagerly subscribed by the loyal Manchester of 1777 to raise a regiment of volunteers who might be employed against the American "rebels." "This fine body of men was called the 72nd or Manchester Regiment." It was raised in three months, and was then a thousand strong. *Ætat* 15, young John Drinkwater, the doctor's son of Salford, joined as an ensign the Manchester Regiment, and was thus enabled to become the historiographer of a most notable episode in British military history.

The 72nd were not sent to America after all; work nearer home was cut out for the Manchester Regiment. War between England and France (who took her revenge for the loss of Canada and so forth by aiding and abetting the American "rebels") had virtually commenced. It was probable that Spain would join France, and it was therefore prudent to strengthen the garrison of Gibraltar. To Gibraltar, accordingly, the gallant Manchester volunteers were dispatched, and with them Ensign John Drinkwater, probably as clear-headed and diligent a young officer and gentleman as the British army then contained. The news of the Convention of Saratoga decided the wavering policy of Spain. She offered to mediate between France and England, but on a basis which she knew could not be accepted by King George's Ministers. They rejected the offer, and, in the June of 1779, Spain, too, declared war against England, chiefly with the hope of recovering Gibraltar, and the rock fortress was at once attacked by land and sea. The memorable siege began in the June of 1779, and ended in the February of 1783, with the negotiation of a general peace—and Gibraltar still untaken. For more than three years and a half a little British force of 5,000 men successfully resisted a Spanish-French army of 30,000, provided with the most powerful ordnance and often commanding the sea, blockading as well as bombarding. From the time of his landing on the famous Rock to that of its deliverance, the methodical young Lancashire ensign, little more than a school-boy, steadily jotted down what he saw and heard throughout a siege, in its duration as in the frequent fierceness of the attack and the courage, persistence, and patience under privation of the defenders, then almost unparalleled. The result was, in after years, *A History of the Siege of Gibraltar, 1779-1783, with a description and account of that Garrison, from the earliest periods. By John Drinkwater, Captain in the late Seventy-second Regiment, or Royal Manchester Volunteers*, a little military classic likely to be as enduring as Cæsar's *Commentaries*, or Xenophon's *Anabasis*, clear and calm like them, though it was the production of quite a young man, and "our own correspondent" might turn with a shrug and a yawn from its lucid simplicity of style and treatment. Once only (how unlike "our own!") does Drinkwater refer to himself in the course of his narrative, and it is in a mere note towards the close, too, of the volume. To his description of one of the later and almost desperate assaults of the besiegers by land and sea, with artillery and mortar-boats, along the whole line of the British defence, Drinkwater makes the following incidental appendage:—"It was during this attack that the materials from which this work is compiled were in the most imminent danger of being entirely destroyed. A 13-inch shell from the enemy's mortar-boats, falling above the camp-guard, rolled along the road leading from Buena Vista and entered the author's marquee, brushing the pillow of his bed, and lodging close by under the corner of the bedstead. Though lighted when it entered, and though its force must have been greatly spent in the ricochets before it

entered, the fuse luckily broke as it lodged within, and the marquee with its contents by that fortunate circumstances was preserved." Such is Drinkwater's solitary reference to himself, and indulged in solely because the event recorded connected itself with the very existence of his book. A few weeks after the incident peace came, Gibraltar remaining British. The 72nd were ordered home, with Drinkwater no longer an ensign, but, as has been seen, a captain. On their return to England, says the historian of Lancashire, writing in or about 1836, they "were received in Manchester with enthusiasm, and their colours were deposited with much ceremony in the Collegiate Church, from thence they were removed to the College, where they still remain as trophies of the gallantry of the regiment and the patriotic fervour of the town." The people of Manchester were much elated by this display of military ardour, and in an ode written on the occasion they are thus eulogised:—

> But Britain, in this race of fame,
> Which of thy daughter-towns may claim
> The greater share of glory for the whole?
> 'Tis Manchester that claims the share,
> 'Twas Manchester re-urged the war,
> 'Twas Manchester re-waked the British soul.

Some old memories are "re-waked," and reflections suggested, by this jingle of nearly ninety years ago.

Soon after their return to England and this warm welcome from Manchester, the 72nd were disbanded. During the two or three years that followed, Drinkwater occupied himself in compiling from his memoranda and in preparing for the press (how unlike the hurry of "our own," and his intense eagerness for a cheque from his publisher!) his history of the Siege. It seems to have been first published in 1785, with a dedication "to the King," by permission. It went through its four editions in as many years, and at once stamped its young author as an officer of merit and promise. Meanwhile, in 1787, he purchased a company in the 1st or Royal Regiment of Foot, which, as it chanced, was stationed at Gibraltar. He saw the old Rock again, and its old Governor, Lord Heathfield, who had been raised to the peerage for the successful defence, and who, on Drinkwater's arrival, publicly thanked him for his record of the services of the garrison. "During his second stay in Gibraltar," be it noted as a decidedly interesting little fact, "he planned and carried into execution the measures for establishing the Garrison Library. This institution," our authority adds, "has since become very important, and has been the model for forming similar establishments in many of the British foreign garrisons," perhaps in our home garrisons and barracks also. After the breaking out of the war of the French Revolution, Drinkwater found himself at Toulon, on its occupation by the English; and as military secretary here, despatched on special missions there, he led a stirring and eventful life for several years. Among his other posts was that of Secretary for the Military Department in Corsica, when, with the Scotch Sir Gilbert Elliott for its viceroy, the First Napoleon's island-birthplace came into the temporary possession of England at the invitation of the anti-Gallican General Paoli—Boswell's venerated hero, and "the Corsican landlouper" of Boswell's growling old father. Drinkwater was still attached to the service of Sir Gilbert Elliott when, after the British abandonment of Corsica, he found himself early in 1797, sailing homeward from the Mediterranean in the *Minerve*, a frigate hoisting the pendant of no less a person than Commodore Nelson, even then a distinguished naval officer, though not nearly so famous as he became afterwards. Drinkwater and Nelson had formed a close intimacy during the English occupation of Corsica, and to a book of the former's, much less known than his *Siege of Gibraltar*, indeed, scarcely known at all, we owe some traits and anecdotes, not to be found elsewhere, of "the greatest sailor since the world begun." As the *Minerve* steered westward from Gibraltar, she was followed by two Spanish line-of-battle ships, and Nelson had her decks cleared for action. "At this period," says Drinkwater, "I was walking with Commodore Nelson, commenting on the probability of the enemy's engaging the *Minerve* and his words and manner of uttering them made a strong impression upon me. He said that he thought an engagement very possible, as the headmost ship appeared to be a good sailor, but (continued he) looking up at his broad pendant, 'before the Dons get hold of this bit of bunting, I will have a struggle with them; and sooner than give up the frigate, I'll run her ashore.'" In this cruise Drinkwater was sleeping "in a cot beside the Viceroy" when Nelson woke him at dead of night with the alarming news that they were in the very midst of the Spanish fleet. The fog and the darkness favoured the brave and they got clear through, with interesting tidings of the strength and the whereabouts of the enemy for Sir John Jarvis, whom they joined at the appointed rendezvous off Cape St. Vincent. After much begging and entreaty Sir Gilbert Elliott procured permission for himself and party to see from the deck of the *Lively* frigate the great battle of St. Vincent, which gave its name to the title rewarding the successful admiral commanding. During the engagement on that Valentine's Day of 1797 Drinkwater was all eye and ear, and when it was over and a magnificent victory had been won by Nelson's daring disregard of orders, he diligently compared his own notes with those of others.

Drinkwater landed with his chief at Plymouth, on the 27th of February, bringing as they thought joyful news, but nobody would believe them, and everybody was sad. It was impossible for any English fleet, the Plymouth people said, to stand against the combination, then and there reported and believed in, of the Spanish and French fleets. The news of the suspension of cash payments, too, had just arrived, and it was with difficulty that Drinkwater could raise, in incredulous and panic-stricken Plymouth, fifteen golden guineas wherewith to enable the party to carry to London intelligence of the splendid victory off Cape St. Vincent, in which fifteen sail of the line and four frigates, but with a Jervis to command them and a Nelson to disobey him, had beaten twenty-seven Spanish sail of the line with ten frigates, capturing four of the former, two of them three-deckers. For this great victory Sir John Jervis was made Earl St. Vincent, and Nelson Knight of the Bath. But Nelson was not mentioned in the published despatches, and it seemed to Drinkwater and several others that the commodore's services on the occasion were under-estimated. The Historian of the Siege of Gibraltar set to work and published his *Narrative of the Battle of St. Vincent*, the work already referred to as little known, though a perfect model of naval historiography. He published it anonymously, because he fancied that it might be thought presumptuous in him, a soldier and a landsman, to describe and criticize naval operations—modesty which "our own" would laugh at, Oh! how loud and long. Full justice was done in it to Nelson, and the great sailor appreciated the landsman's labour of love. "The first time," says Drinkwater, speaking of himself in the third person, "that he met Lord Nelson, after the battle of Aboukir, the Admiral approached with the eagerness which always characterized him, and shaking the author by the hand, exclaimed, "Why, were you not with us at Aboukir?"

By Sir Gilbert Elliott Drinkwater was strongly recommended to Pitt, who persuaded him to undertake the arrangement and settlement of the complicated accounts which had sprung out of the British occupation of Toulon and Corsica. His personal knowledge of the matters was great, but he accepted the employment with a sigh, since in undertaking it he was placed on the half-pay list, and ever afterwards he was connected with the purely civil administration of the army. Had fate ordered it otherwise, and had he remained with the army to the end of the struggle which was closed at Waterloo, Drinkwater might have been our one great military historian. As it was, employment after employment in the civil administration of the army rewarded his diligence and ability. In 1807, he was even offered the Under-Secretaryship of State of War and Colonies, but he declined it. Four years later, he was appointed one of the two Comptrollers of Army Accounts, and in this office remained for a quarter of a century or so, until it was abolished in 1835. The duties of his post left him little leisure for authorship, but what he did write or print showed some variety of accomplishment and range of knowledge. He was the joint-author, with Sir John Lubbock, of the *Treatise on Probabilities*, published by the Useful Knowledge Society. To the *Lives of Eminent Persons*, published under the same auspices, he contributed a biography of Kepler, still one of the best we have in English of that great and unfortunate astronomer. In the year of his forced withdrawal from the Comptrollership of Army Accounts he gave to the world a translation of Schiller's *Maid of Orleans*, and about the same time he republished, with the authorship now avowed, and in aid of the fund for the Nelson testimonial, his early *Narrative of the Battle of St. Vincent*, adding to it various new and interesting Nelsoniana. In 1846, he had the pleasure of finding his *History of the Siege of Gibraltar* re-printed in a cheap and popular form by Mr. Murray in the Home and Colonial Library. He himself was busy with a new and enlarged edition of the *History of the Siege of Gibraltar*, of the garrison taking part in which he was then the sole survivor, when he died at Thorncroft, near Leatherhead, in Surrey, at the advanced age of 81.

Colonel Drinkwater,—he had been a colonel since the time when he was placed on half-pay,—took the name of Bethune after his withdrawal from public life on the death of his brother-in-law, whose property his family inherited. The State gained a good and faithful servant in Drinkwater, who, when his office of comptroller was abolished, proved in an elaborate statement, that while he held it he had saved the country some millions sterling. But what the State gained was a loss to the military literature of a country which has produced many more great commanders than writers competent to commemorate their exploits. Under other circumstances the Historian of the Siege of Gibraltar might have been the worthy chronicler of the great war against the first Napoleon. As it is, Drinkwater occupies a unique position in our Gallery of Lancashire Worthies.

The Handsomest Luncheon Bar in Manchester is the Blackfriars-St., 3 Doors from St. Mary's Gate.
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will make her First Appearance in Manchester as Rosalind, in
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in which also, Mr. COMPTON will sustain his celebrated impersonation of Touchstone, and
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Sole Lessee - - - W. S. BOOTH.
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In their amusing Operatic selections.
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From the Royal Lyceum and Alhambra Palace, London, who will give selections from his new entertainment, entitled,
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Of this musical age,
Introducing new songs, solos, dances, everything and everybody. Return of
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FRAULEIN LAURA, THIS EVENING.
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Fancy Coloured CLOTH JACKETS, 10s. to 2 guineas.
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Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
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After is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.
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MAYAR'S HOMINY,
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